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A PRAYER FOR PEACE.

CHARLES MACKAY.

Give us Peace in our time, O Lord,
From the desolating sword,
From the devastating flame,—
Peace! Peace! in Thy holy name!

Those preachers of thy Word
Are false to the trust conferr'd,
Who defile the temple gate
With the heresies of hate.

The eyes of the young men glow
As the wild war trumpets blow,
And the women shout and cry
As they cozen them forth to die.

There they go, the brave and strong,
For the right that may be wrong,
To feed the ravenous tomb
With their beauty and their bloom.

From the mountains to the sea
Floats up, O Lord, to Thee—
To the footstool of thy throne—
The long, low, tremulous moan

Of a childless multitude,
Tender, and fair, and good;
Of mothers forlorn, forlorn,
Bereft of their early born.

And of widows, forlorn as they,
Whose hope, whose prop, whose stay
Lie low in the hasty grave
Of the unreturning brave.

For the sake of the perishing realms
Which dire passion overwhelms;
For the sake of their outraged laws,
And of Liberty's holy cause,

Send us, oh! send us Peace!
Let all guilty carnage cease.
Oh, stay the avenging rod—
Peace! Peace! O Lord, our God!

LETTERS FROM THE HOLY LAND.

No. I.

FROM TIMOTHY B. HUSSEY, OF NORTH BERWICK, ME.

RAMALLAH, JERUSALEM, PALESTINE, }
July 22, 1889. }

My dear friend, Rowland B Howard:

After visiting Lower Egypt, the valley of the Nile, and climbing the great Pyramid of Gizeh, our little party landed at Jaffa early in second month last, since which time we have visited all the most interesting biblical places in the "Land," and have had excellent opportunities for studying the land, the people and their habits. The few months thus spent have been the most interesting of any in my life before. We formed a little party of *nine*, all "congenial spirits," of whom George A. Smythe, Esq. and wife, of Boston, were two, and with an excellent dragoman—one *thoroughly* well acquainted with the places of biblical

interest, and with fourteen more men as muleteers and servants, with sixteen horses, nine mules, seven donkeys and one camel, with seven tents, we have traversed almost the entire country from "Dan to Beersheba," or literally, from Hebron, in the south, to the grand old Oriental city of Damascus, in the north.

Every place we visited seemed fraught with something sacred in biblical history. As we stood under the old oak at Mamre, where Abraham bought the field and cave of Machpelah, and where he talked and *walked* towards Sodom with the angels, we felt, indeed, as though this was really *sacred* ground on which we were treading. As we sat under the old oak we read from our Bible the history of Abraham's purchase. We were not allowed to go into the cave, it being in the hands of the Mohammedans. They have a large mosque built over the place, and no Christian is allowed to desecrate the place with his unhallowed presence. We visited the tomb of Abner, and the pool where David caused the death of the two sons of Rimmon (our nearest neighbors twenty minutes from here at Beeroth). See II. Sam., iv: 5-12.

We visited the Cave of Adullam, where David, no doubt, as a shepherd boy, was familiar, and where he fled (II. Sam., xxiii: 13) in time of danger. This cave is in one of the *wildest* places we ever visited. With our excellent guide we did not dare explore its intricate, hidden recesses without first fastening a line or ball of twine at the entrance by which we could find our way out. From Hebron to Bethlehem we pass by the wonderful "Pools of Solomon," to this day kept in pretty good repair, and water still goes through the old aqueduct from them to Jerusalem. As we rode over the delightful valley of Escol, and saw the luxuriant vines, we did not wonder that good old Caleb should desire this place for his inheritance. To-day there are some of the *largest* grapes there we have seen in the whole country, and, we doubt not, would vie with our California productions. I lifted a bunch of half-grown ones, and counted on the single cluster one hundred and three grapes, and this bunch may not have been hardly an average. I hope to have a photograph taken of a bunch, if they ripen before we leave, which we expect to do in early August.

We visited the "Well of Bethlehem which is by the gate," from which David so longed for a drink, and from that point we have the finest view of the fields of Boaz, and the "Plains" where the shepherds watched their flocks on that eventful night. We visited the Church of the Nativity, and were shown the place where our Saviour was *said* to have been born—the *manger*, etc., but there is so much *superstition* abounding, and so much gross *ignorance*, we confess we could not enjoy our visit as we would have liked. The place is in the hands chiefly of the Greeks (*Christians!*). The action of these so-called Christians is one of the greatest drawbacks to the bringing in of the Mohammedans of any thing we discover. Many of the Mohammedans are sensible, understanding men, and see *clearly* the *deception* practised by the Greek Church on her votaries, in the kindling of the so-called "Holy Fire," and other rites and ceremonies similar.

Through the kindness of our American Consul, Mr. Gilman (who, by the way, is an earnest Christian man, and desirous of helping the missions all he can), we were provided with a place to witness this *impious imposture*, yearly practised. From our balcony in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre we looked down on a troubled sea of faces, as the thousands of human beings crowded into the